

LIFE.
There are a number of us creep
into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn.
Devour the cattle, fish and fowl,
And leave behind the empty bowl.
And if our tombstones when we die
Don't tell us of our life, and why,
There's nothing better can be said
Than that we've eaten up all our bread,
Drunk up our drink and gone to bed.
—Watts.

WHERE I SPENT MY MONEY.

BY ISABEL A. MALLON.



HAD been making up my mind for two years that I would go abroad, and when a woman says making up her mind, and takes that length of time to do it, you can usually conclude that she means that she is making up her purse. That was just it. I had ten-cent banks, five-cent banks and penny boxes, and all the little change we tinto these, and at the end of the month they were all emptied and the money taken around to the bank to add to that which was to be used for going

mand for a certain line of goods is not sufficiently great, the fact that the people who have the money go away to spend it, and most of all the fact that American women do not know the meaning of the word patriotism. They have an idea that it means nursing the sick in time of war and applauding the militia in times of peace. What it really means is doing the very best for your country that you can, and the very best, just at present, is the encouragement of home industries. Look at the Queen of England! When she was married she made Honiton lace fashionable because the lace workers were complaining of hard times. See what the Princess of Wales did three years ago, after her visit to Ireland; had some of her beautiful gowns, as well as those of her daughters, made of Irish poplin so that it might be put on the market again. And to-day think of Lady Zetland, the wife of the viceroy of Ireland; she is doing everything in her power to push Irish lace, and half the fashionable hats have a trimming of it, while innumerable court dresses are decorated with it.

Determined to argue it out, I answered, "But you see things are cheaper!" "Will you promise me not to buy any materials that are not cheaper than the same fabrics would be in your own country?" I promised without a minute's hesita-

of money went into that part of the purse that I began to call "the patriotic side." I commenced to think just then, and it seemed to me, with designs just as good, material just as durable in the fabrics at home, I was a bit of a donkey to come abroad and spend my money on the things, granted that it was only a few pennies.

My sister was a little more persistent, and said: "I am going to try and get a sateen," and we got a sample of one. It's No. 4 on the second group. You see it was a bit of an advantage that I could sketch a little, so I drew this for her. The result was that there is written in her note book: "Price of sateen 25 cents in London; I can get it for from 10 to 25 cents either in Philadelphia, Boston or New York, and that at 18 is just as wide and just as good."

We had read and written and upheld English wools; we had insisted that nothing could be got to equal them, and so went out to get a blue and white check suit to have a jaunty costume made in which to go yachting. First of all we went to a famous tailor shop to see what they would make a suit for, because their advertisements were so lovely. We soon found that English advertisements are not always what they seem, for the simple, stylish frock of the picture was extremely dowdy in reality, and after looking around it was decided that the shop run by these same people in America had smarter looking frocks, better made ones, and that the fitter over the water was forced to be more exact in adapting his material to the female form divine. Why? Because American women are not willing to look on the streets the dowdies that the English women do. The check suiting marked No. 5 in my picture will cost in London 70 cents a yard, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia it can be gotten for 50 cents; that's 20 cents difference on the yard.

"Serge," said I, "We have always heard of that. We will get a dress of it if we don't of anything else, a dark blue serge; it is so ladylike and so useful to have, and so altogether desirable." We grew quite rapturous over this; we were sure that it would be cheaper than anything in America, and more desirable. We found it not heavy in weight, and closely woven, indeed, one of the party called it "sleazy." Its price was 48 cents a yard, and a friend who had been picked up on the way had on a dress just like it, the material of which had been bought in Philadelphia for 37 1/2 cents a yard. Later on it was discovered that New York furnished it for 30 and Chicago for 35.

I didn't want to go home without a single new frock, so knowing that the English were great on tennis, and almost every dressmaker you approached asked you if you didn't want a tennis costume, I determined to get one. The design was the light flannel drawn at No. 7, with lines of red and blue and brown gold over its white ground. It cost me 25 cents a yard, and at a first-class store at home I could get just the same thing for the same money. Now, all these samples that I have drawn, and that I am talking about, do not come from extravagant places, but instead from the shops frequented by the great middle class to which you and I, my friend, belong. Many of them were samples quoted as bargains. Just what bargains they were you can see.

My experience is the experience of hundreds of women who do not stop to think that in going over, and spending their money in a strange land, they are absolutely and honestly, or say rather dishonestly taking the bread from the workers in their own country. As a people we are young, but we have ability and energy, and we can make just as good stuffs as are made on the other side, but we won't make them until we are encouraged in it. It is snobbish of the worst sort to clothe our material "imported;" it is patriotism of the best to show a good fabric, and to claim that it was designed and made at home. The women of this country can do so much toward making it the greatest in the world, first by guiding the men in the way they should go, and next by encouraging home industries. There would be a hundred thousand workers where there are a hundred thousand idlers if the factories were at work supplying our shops with American materials, if the women of America would be as patriotic as were their great-grandmothers, and decline to wear anything that was not wrought by American looms and sold in American stores.

I had written home some of my experience about getting things for nothing, and in return a letter had come to me, enclosing samples of American silk, the black silk that almost every woman likes to have in her wardrobe, for it is a good suited for many occasions. The letter said: "I enclose some samples of black silk; unless you can get them cheaper, or better, for the same money, I will buy my gown at home." For the quality that in New York was \$1.49, I should have to pay \$1.70 in London; for that which was \$2.00 the price was \$1.25; there are cheaper silks, but they were poor in quality, and would have lasted but a little while, and every woman knows how very, very mean looking is a shabby black silk.

We found handkerchiefs about the same price as in this country; that is, the nice ones.

Vellings, collars and cuffs, and the very small ettelers of the toilette, do not vary much in price; but as in London the Princess of Wales, or some great beauty, will set a fashion, make one style popular and force a run on it for the season to the advantage of the shop-keepers, they do not so often have great quantities of small belongings left on their hands which must be sold, no matter at what price.

In black materials—cashmeres, henrietta cloths, grenadines and lace brillianines—the prices are about the same. One style of lace brilliantine which sells in London for 35 cents a yard, is gotten in New York or Chicago for 30 cents. White cashmere, 39 inches wide, pale blue, pink, and the various standard colors, sells for 75 cents a yard, and I can get it quite as good, and for less money, in either Philadelphia, Boston or New York.

It was rather a sad experience, this going over and expecting to get so much for so little, this having my belief in the great desire of the English people to sell me much for nothing, shattered; but, after all, I had to confess it was a good lesson, and I did have the moral courage to keep my word and bring my money home with me.

On the steamer I met the same man who had given me such good advice on my way over. He looked at me and said: "Well?" And I answered, "I am bringing my money back to the land of the free."

Being an American gentleman he did not say, "I told you so," but he could not resist asking, as he took my hand: "Where did you get your gloves?"

"I never had a batchet except a chocolate one, but I looked in his face and told him the truth."

"In New York. The English gloves are not adapted to the American hands, and they are not half as well made, and the same fault can be found with the French ones. In New York you can get them to fit all kinds of hands, long fingers and short ones, broad and narrow ones. You can buy gloves in London for 50 cents a pair, but they are not worth wearing; they are old-fashioned in color, badly cut, and altogether undesirable. In Paris they make a great fuss about making gloves to order for you, but they can do that in New York, do it just as well, and the colors are as novel as those shown in Paris. Since I have been away I have learned what you mean by patriotism. I have learned how the women of a country can make it prosperous and great, and I have come home with a respect for the American workman that I never had before. I believe he can do anything he wants to; and if there is anything that they haven't grasped yet, we are rich enough to buy that knowledge and to have it taught in our manufacturing. We can import knowledge and pay a proper duty on it. Look at my watch! Made in Philadelphia at a factory where George Washington employed 700 women to polish and etch cases. It keeps better time, and it is just as pretty as any good gold watch made in the famous watch-making districts, and it didn't cost a cent more than one would on the other side. Now, in buying a watch at home, you can get one just as good, you encourage industry, and you tend to make rich and good and prosperous your own country-people, and that's what we all ought to try to do.

Naturally my friend and teacher felt a great pride in me, for who does not like a proselyte? And in me he had a most enthusiastic one. I am prepared to say that while it is delightful to go abroad "strange countries for to see," I shall always have sense enough, and patriotism enough, to buy my clothes at home, getting in that way the best for the least, and encourage the workers among my own people. This is the story, and the true one, of where I spent my money after all, i. e., at home.

A GOOD PLACE TO VISIT.

Come When You Wish, and Stay as Long as You Please.

Australian station hospitality keeps the latch string always out and says: "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can." A writer in the Manchester Times says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech-loaders, horses and servants. Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where the guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome.

One sturdy Canadian visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs, and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months, the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.

BOUQUETS BY WIRE.

Flowers for Your Sweetheart in Rome or St. Petersburg.

A novel and very remarkable industry has recently been started in Kansas City, says the Star. It is intended for the convenience of persons who have friends in this city or abroad to whom they may desire to pay little attentions. Suppose that a lady of your acquaintance is at present in Vienna and you wish to send her a fresh bouquet. It is very easily managed. You drop in at a certain florist's on Broadway and pick out the flowers suitable for your posy.

Within two hours the bouquet selected is delivered to the intended recipient. The florist has an agent or correspondent in Vienna, to whom he cables the order, stating the number of flowers of each kind, etc., and the name of the giver is written on a card and attached to the bunch of blossoms before it is conveyed to the address indicated. It is the same with other cities in Europe and America. If your lady love is in San Francisco you can send her a bunch of violets or a bouquet of roses by wire, as it were, within a few minutes.

Dangers of Painters.
The man who invents a method of handling paint and lead mixtures without danger of painter's colic is a result will reap a fortune. Some men are not subject to this complaint, but great numbers have been forced to give up the painting business from their liability to sudden attacks. Lead poisoning is one of the most dangerous afflictions known to the human race, and numbers of paralytics are now in our hospitals whose infirmity is due to the lead contained in paints.

Diversified Tastes.

The Singapore eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. Quas, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is their favorite tipple. It is described as resembling a mixture of stale fish and soap, yet next to beer, it has more votaries than any other fermented beverage. In the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm tree is esteemed a luxury, while the edible snail of Java swallows are so rich and dainty that the ingredients of a dish will cost as much as \$50.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden.

Sheep are not commonly regarded as useful as beasts of burden, but in a large part of Northwestern India thousands of sheep carry for many miles the commodities that are purchased by the sale of their own wool. The mountain ranges among the foot hills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more surefooted than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from 10 to 20 pounds.

Insects Like Flower Buds.

An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of the orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws, while certain spiders double themselves up in the angle between the leafstalk and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach to their destruction.

KILLED IN A COAL MINE.

MANY MINERS MEET QUICK DEATH.

Awful Result of an Explosion in a Coal Mine at Roslyn, Washington—Sad Scenes Following the Disaster—Recovering the Dead.

Blown to Eternity.

The most horrible explosion ever known in the Pacific Northwest occurred at the coal mines of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at Roslyn, a small town about four miles from the main line of the Northern Pacific, 107 miles from Tacoma. At least 42 men are believed to have been killed. Excitement in the town borders on a state of frenzy and has extended throughout the State. Nothing like it has ever been known anywhere in that portion of the country, and from all parts of the State news of intense interest in the matter is being received.

Many dead bodies, according to a dispatch, have already been taken out, and hundreds of people have gathered around the scene of the accident; wives and children of buried men are at the mouth of the mine and acting like maniacs in their terrible distress. Every body that has been taken out up to this time is terribly disfigured, and many of those buried have been crushed beyond recognition. Some are horrible masses of flesh without a trace of their identity left, while many of the unfortunate men are believed to have been blown to atoms.

Nearly all of the men were married and a large number of them had large families.

It is thought that the explosion took place when the men were changing shifts. The concussion shook the ground perceptibly and the noise was heard a long distance. Smoke belched from the shaft almost immediately, showing that the mine had taken fire. All the inhabitants of Roslyn were on the grounds in an incredibly short space of time, and the friends and relatives of the men known to have been in the mine crowded about the mouth of the mine, the women and children crying and the men wringing their hands in helplessness. Ropes were stretched to keep the people back, and a rescue party was hastily formed. In their grief many of the men acted like maniacs, and as one body after another, each horribly mutilated, was brought out the wild exclamations of horror and sorrow were terrifying. At midnight seven bodies had been recovered, some of them crushed beyond recognition, and it was known that none of the entombed men were alive. Thirty-three of the dead were married men and had families who swarmed about the opening of the tunnel, hoping against knowledge of their loss. While the wives and children of the victims waited for the rescue of the bodies a carload of coffins, sent from Tacoma by special train, was unloaded, and the coffins were laid side by side near the tunnel awaiting occupants.

If anything could add to the horror of the situation it is the fact that most of the families of the dead are in destitute circumstances. For several weeks the camp has been dull on account of the light demand for coal, and as few of the men were provided, it is feared that much suffering will be experienced unless aid from elsewhere is sent.

When the work of rescue began it was found that the entire interior of the mine was clogged with debris, and nothing could be done until a new air shaft could be put in. Deadly fumes issuing from the mine stifled all who entered. When the third level of the slope had been reached and several bodies had been found, badly mangled and blackened, the presence of a small fire which was roasting some of the corpses was noticed. This gave rise to the belief that the explosion was caused by fire in the mine. Manager John Kangley, formerly of Illinois, says the gas accumulated in the slope where new levels were being driven and before connections were made with the air shaft the exposure of damp to a blast or match could have caused the explosion. Inspectors were continually on guard in the mine and reported no accumulation of gas on the levels and Kangley says it will probably never be known exactly what caused the explosion.

ASSASSINATED BY RUSTLERS.

Foreman of a Cattle Ranch Shot Down from Ambush.

The rustlers are evidently determined to beat the big cattle men in this section, says a Buffalo, Wyoming, dispatch, declaring they must either abandon their property or employ as foreman only those who bear their indorsement. George Wellman, foreman of the H. A. Blair cattle company, better known as the Hoe outfit, was shot by a concealed assassin and instantly killed on the main road and about thirty miles south of here. The only known reason for the crime is that he has been notified to leave the country and has refused to obey the order.

The first news of the tragedy was brought in by Tom Hathaway, an employee of the same company. He says he and Wellman started for Buffalo on horseback. When about twelve miles out and passing through a rough, broken country a shot was fired and his horse sprang ahead and ran away with him. While trying to subdue the frightened animal he heard several other shots, and glancing back, saw his companion fall from his saddle. He started back along the road and met Wellman's horse, which he mounted. He saw Wellman lying in the road motionless, but was afraid he would share the same fate if he approached nearer, so he came in and gave the alarm.

There are probably one hundred people in this country, business men and cowboys, who have to wear a bulletproof vest, and doubtless others will be killed unless they at once seek a more congenial climate.

McFINGLE—Cutely calls on Miss Plainface every night. I don't see how he can court her, even if she has a pile of money—she is so homely. McGangle—Oh, Cutely turns the gas out.

It is announced that the Virginia Exposition Board intends to reproduce at the Fair, Mount Vernon, the famous home and last resting place of George Washington.

E. R. WATSON, of Arcadia, Ga., was made happy the other day by the return of his milk cow that disappeared over two years ago, during which time he never heard of her.

THE whole world now operates 900,000 miles of telegraph lines, and the charges for messages amount to nearly \$450,000 annually.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Daniel and His Companions.

The lesson for Sunday, May 22, may be found in Daniel, 1:8-21.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have a lesson or two now from that obscure period termed, in Israel's history, the time of the Babylonish captivity. From this time of seeming distress came many of the choicest things connected with Israel's career. The people of God learned great lessons in the land of bondage. Thus spoke the Psalmist, "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress." Daniel, the principal character here, is one of the most interesting in all the Biblical annals. Like Joseph, he is a man whom God used in royal associations. But he is God's man in the king's court; nothing other. Why not more in such high station?

"Dare to be a Daniel."
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Daniel, meaning God is judge. Like Christ, he "committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."—Purposed. Literally, fixed or set his heart. —Dile. From the root to be lost. A sacred word, to profane or make unclean, as with unclean food.—Requested. A strong word, to seek out, to search for. He was not half-hearted in his request; it was a virtual though courteous demand.

Had brought Daniel into favor. Hebrew: had given. Favor is the gift of God.—Doubt. "God gave to Daniel grace and mercy in the eyes of," etc.—Tender love. The expression refers to warmth of affection, from the verb to glow. It is sometimes rendered pity, compassion. The Hebrews were in a condition to be pitied.

Appointed or apportioned, portioned out.—Worse liking. Literally, haggard, wan.—Your sort, or age; from the word meaning a revolving.

Melzar. The word means an overseer, and so doubtless should be translated here. Revision, steward.—Hananiah, same word as in the Hebrew as Ananias, signifying gracious.—Mishael, meaning who is what God is.

Prove. First meaning, lift, hence weight, hence, prove or test. So God did with Abraham. Gen. 22: 1.—Pulse. Any sort of vegetable, from the verb to sow. It was a simple vegetable diet.

As thou seest. Same word as looked upon in the same verse above.

Consented. The word for hearing or hearkening unto; rendered here consented, because from a superior to an inferior.

Fatter, i. e., well fed, from the verb to feed.—The portion of the king's meat. The word portion is a peculiar one, signifying dainties, or tid-bits. There may have been something of a ceremonial restraint here, as for meat offered to idols.

Thus, Better. And so.—Gave them pulse. As a general rule, after the test had been safely and satisfactorily passed through.

Learning. Hebrew: sapher. The word for writing. Douay: book.—And Daniel. The Douay is probably right here in bringing out, for contrast, the adversative here; but Daniel, i. e., in distinction from his fellows.

Communed with. Simply talked with, had words (favor).—Stood they before the king. In token of successfully undergoing the examination intimated in v. 5.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Daniel purposed in his heart. Young men with a purpose the world needs today. The more purpose, the better for the generation. It is the purposeful soul that prospers. "His delight is in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night," such an one shall be like a "tree planted," planted to "prosper." It is the young man with a purpose that escapes the evil. "Where withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." It is the young man with a purpose, a true heart purpose, that ever keeps young. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Daniel is not dead yet—his was an eternal purpose.

Now God had brought Daniel into favor. Favor is of God; he gives grace in the eyes of all men. Of Christ the Son it was said that he was full of grace and truth, and that he grew in favor with God and men. We may well ask God for this boon, a means of blessing the world; for it is only as the world has respect for us that we can do the best work and win souls. And God can give it—the world's right regard. He gave it to Abraham, to Moses, to Joseph, to David, to Christ in his day. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will." Other things being equal, no man has a right to forfeit the world's respect. God gives it to his saints to be esteemed for their work's sake. Remember that Solomon's "fame" was "concerning the name of the Lord."

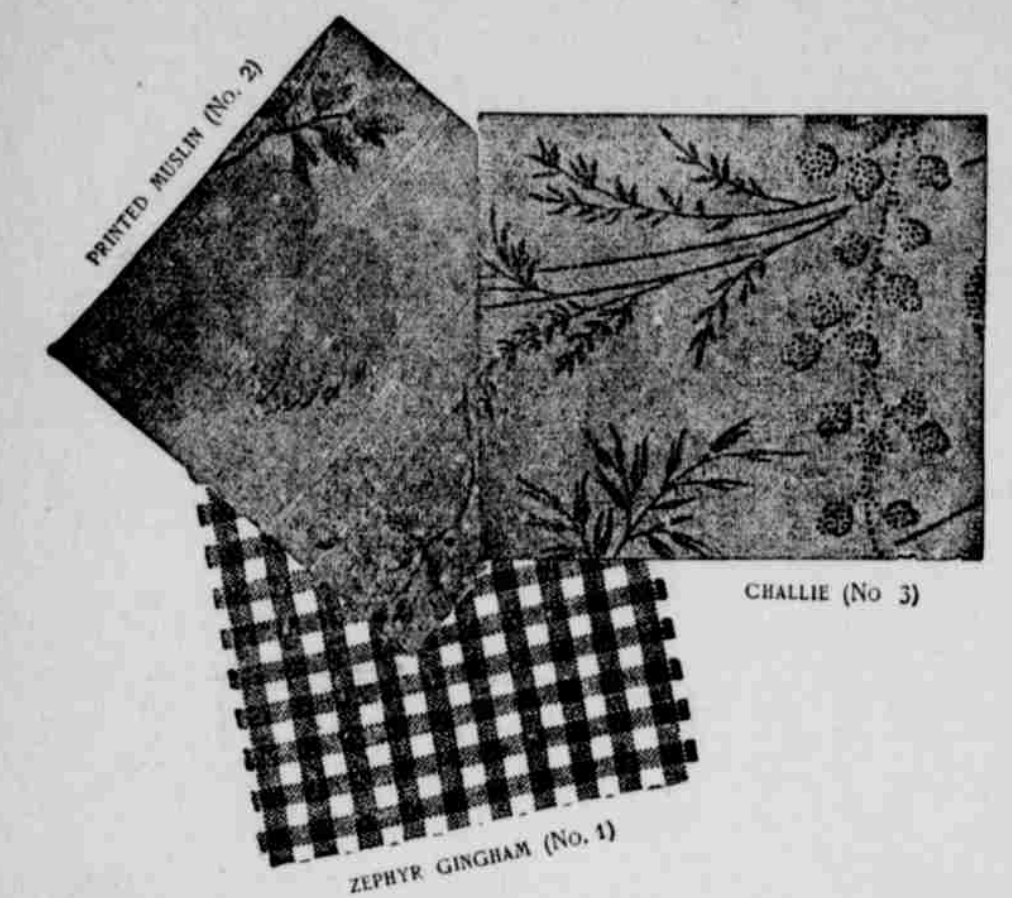
Prove thy servants. It is the personal demonstration that counts. God himself esteems such evidence. He would "tempt," i. e., test, prove, (same word) Abraham. The ocular proof is the best proof, and the world is having it all the time, one way or another. Living epistles are we, known and read of all men. But what are we testifying to, what are we proving? God's law always; the rectitude of God's commands—all men demonstrate this in their lives. It is for Christians to prove it on the better side by lives of meekness and trustful obedience. "Prove me now," every Christian is saying, by his profession, to the world; and in so doing he is proving God.

Next Lesson—"Nebuchadnezzar's Dream." Dan 2: 36-49.

Tonic for the Hair.

A good tonic for the hair is of salt water; a teaspoonful of salt to a half pint of water, applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.

A TINWARE manufacturing company has issued a brochure on "The Evolution of the Tin Can." If its gradual evolution into the billy-goat is described the work should be interesting.

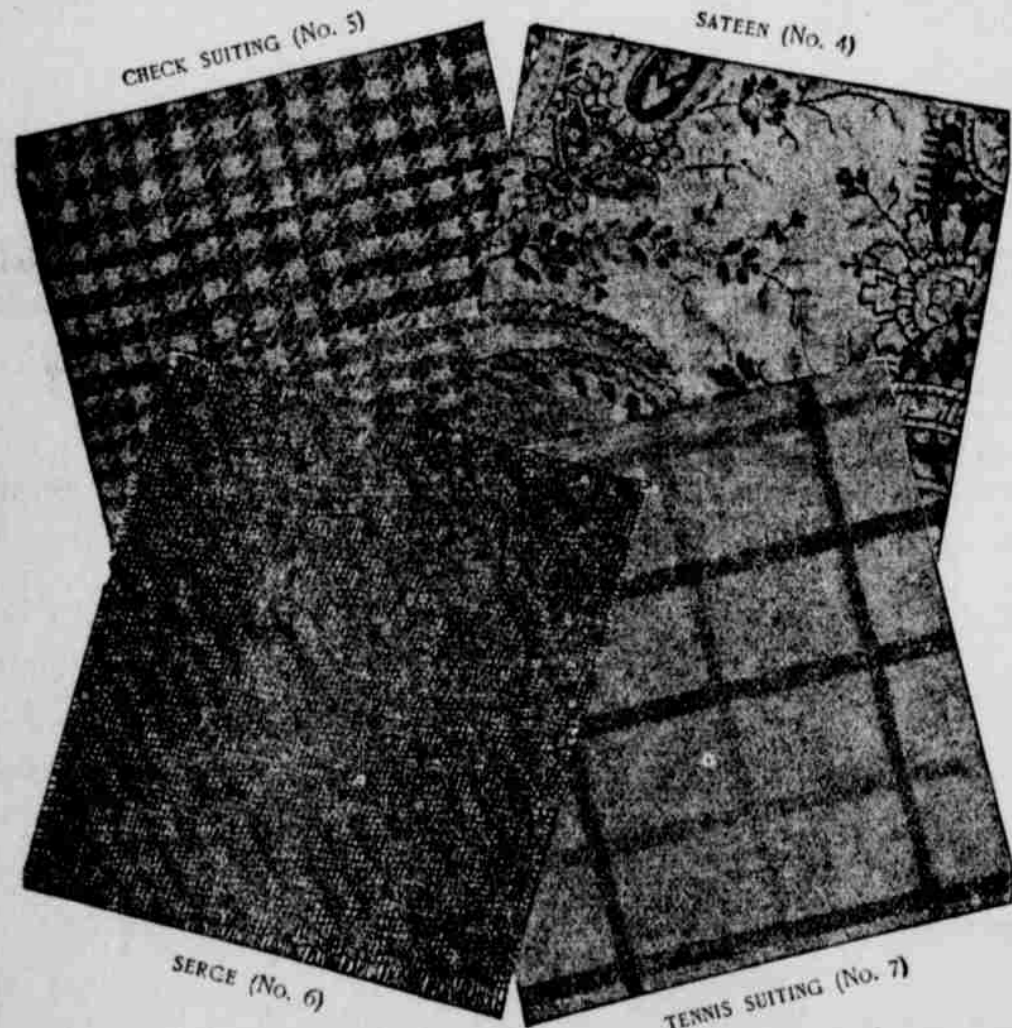


away. When I saw a lovely new material and felt that I should enjoy a frock like it, I would give a shrug of my shoulders and say in a most contemptuous way, "Wait until I get on the other side: I'll get these things for almost nothing."

Getting things for almost nothing is a feminine vice. Whether the average woman is not sufficiently imbued with honesty in early life, or just what is the reason nobody knows, but a woman never stops to consider that when things are gotten below their value somebody is being cheated, and therefore things for almost nothing come under the head of petty thefts. But getting things for nothing on the other side of the water is, after all, a method of spoiling the Egyptians, and consequently seems only right and proper. After all the sewing and the talking and the waiting and the hoping, the eventful day came when I sailed away, robed as simply as possible, and with the determination to come back possessing

tion.
The very day after I reached London I started out for my shopping. First of all I wanted some pretty cotton dresses. You know the kind—zephyrs, sateens and a printed lawn. I found them pretty enough, but I clutched my pocket-book just a little bit tighter when I heard the prices. The one which I have sketched and marked No. 1, and which is an ordinary black and white zephyr gingham, which could, of course, be gotten in any color, blue and white, pink and white, the cream effects or the dark colors, was, I found, 25 cents a yard. I could duplicate this in Philadelphia for the same price, in Boston for the same, and in New York at one shop for 24 cents and at another for 19 cents, so I concluded not to fill my trunk with that material.

Then, as I had read in English novels of heroines who looked like angels in printed muslin, and felt that England



clothes that would make the Queen of Sheba turn in her grave with envy.

I shouldn't be a woman if I didn't talk, and consequently before we were half over two clever men were thoroughly informed as to why I was going; that is, the principal reason, to furnish my wardrobe for a song. One night as we sat looking at the stars and wondering about them, one of the men said to me:

"Do you think you are very patriotic?"
"Of course I am," I answered, indignantly; "why, think we have the best country, the best government, the best men, the prettiest women and the finest fruit in the world. Of course I am patriotic; I inherit it. I didn't exactly sign the Declaration of Independence, but an ancestor of mine saved me the trouble, and it is just as well he did, because, my signature is one of the seven mysteries of the world."

"Well," persisted he, "do you think it is very patriotic to save up all your money and go to England and France to spend it?"
"Oh!" said I, "but you get things so cheap over there."

He looked at me as if he were amused.
"You look like a woman with some sense; do you know what ruined Ireland? Absenteeism. Do you know what will discourage manufactures in this country? The fact that the de-